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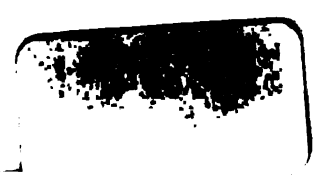

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Translations.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES, or, *The Puppet Show.*

TEMPLUM HARLEMIANUM, . . *The Show Box.*

SPHÆRISTERIUM, ... *The Bowling Green.*

CURSUS GLACIALIS, ... *Skating.*

Levium spectacula rerum.

[illegible]*

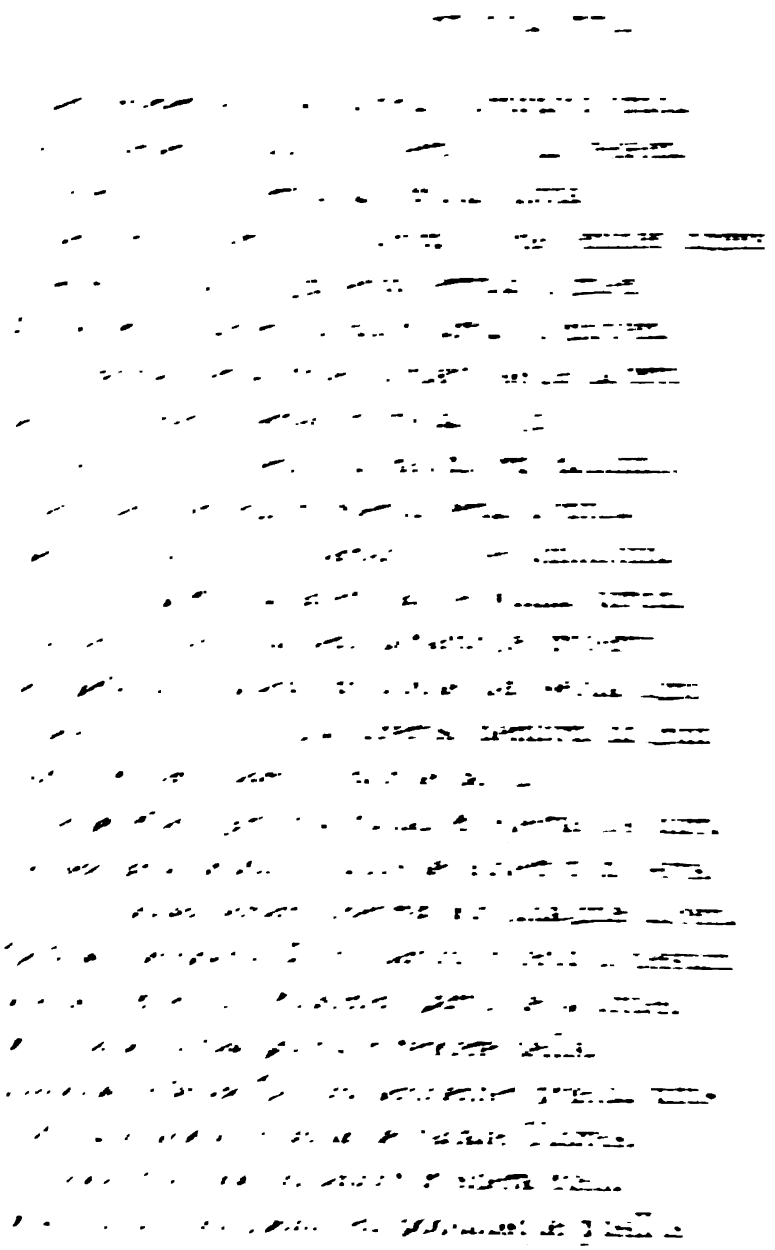
Ambitio mala rerum scenarula parvum
Exiguam gentem et varium sine mente popellum:
Quem non exemplo rapit ac fortuna hominum,
Ingenia nobis hominumque artes fingimus.
Comica quæ risu populum facetoque tumultu
Historia delectat imaginem scenamque turbam:
Quicquid agunt homines votum timor ira voluptas
Undique congressi peragunt certamina cuncti.
Nec confusus hominum tumultus sublegit oculum
Diverso, et varii ad pretium sua cuique stamina.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen. Lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne cum vacuo detur ore fenestra.
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stolida turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, Concursus, Bella, Triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva Theatro.

---

* Auctore Jos. Addison.

THE PUPPET SHOW.

PAGEANTS and Shows I sing of trivial kind,
A puny breed, and folks without a mind;
To quicken whom no impious hand conspires,
No mad Prometheus reached forbidden fires.
  Where rabble routs admire the juggler's feat,
And hoarse buffoons enchant the grinning street,
All whom the pleasure or the wonder bring,
Intent on mirth, fill the allotted ring.
Nor reigns disorder, but precedence fit
Marshals the crowd, and as they pay they sit.
  At last the curtain slides; and, straight, all eyes
Fix on the box, where thread in many plies
Crosses the window, lest the pervious space
Betrayed the guile. And now a screaming race
Enter their lackered hall, and much daubed home.
Here, cooped in narrow scene and lowly dome,
Plots, wars, and pomps, and all man's busy day,
On their brief boards the little people play.



But chief a blustering Manny o'er the rest
Struts, with a broader buckle on his vest,
And rolls his eye-balls big with living light.
Immoderate swells his paunch, and to huge height
Rises his back. The lesser tribe, askance,
Ponder his frightful step and giant glance.
He, trusting to his size and unmatched force,
Rails on the feeble herd without remorse;
And, scattering safe his tyrant wit around,
In squalls of joy the wicked droll is drowned.
Oft too, though serious rites the rest engage,
And some high sorrow whelms the pensive stage,
Reckless he spurns upon the earnest train,
With bursts of idle cheer and shrill disdain;
Oft shocks the painted Fair, in froward mood,
And darts loud kisses on the modest wood.
Meantime, with various games, the common sort
Strain their light limbs, and frisk in agile sport.
Perhaps the timber gentry you behold
In purple issue, and the blaze of gold,
Fulgent with gems; when, met in proud array,
Gorgeous they celebrate some festal day.
The gracile Maids advance in comely row,
And tiny Chiefs, and small Plebeians, go.
As if the Pygmies, from the sanguine plain
Returning, had forgot the ugly Crane,
Unbraced the helm, and dropped the quivering lance,
To melt in revels and the tender dance.
Thus, when the stars effuse their vivid light,
Forth steal the Faeries, and the Elfin sprite,

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In festive mazes tread their narrow bound,
And press with nimble feet the frequent ground:
Aurora comes, and recent prints are seen;
Whence the sweet circlet, and the fresher green.
  Yet clouds will overcast these peaceful skies;
For wars, fell wafs, and horrid tumults rise.
The savage crew are up in arms: fierce blows
Deform their seat, and break their soft repose.
So faithless as the smiles of pleasure are!
So soon is headlong mirth chastised by care!
Now swords, now guns with fetid sulphur prest,
And threat of iron, and lances in the rest,
And dreadful gleam, ensue. The vaults within
Reel to the pressure, and the hideous din;
While the touched nitre, with distracting sound,
Spatters its flames and erring hisses round.
The floor is heaped with death; cumbering the stage
Host lies on host, dire fruit of civil rage.
  At length, when war has spent his frantic fires,
And thirst of blood no more the breast inspires,
To peaceful arts they turn, and wonted ways.
And here, not seldom, those whom happier days
Owned, and the pristine world in honour held,
Show their dwarf bulks, a venerable eld;
Sages and Patriarchs grave, a train revered,
Sedate in front, and white with lavish beard.
Thus tardy age the great Tithonus shrunk,
When, dwindling by degrees, at last his trunk
Collected to a slender cricket slunk.

But now the lineage of this harmless band,
Their latent life, and by what genius planned,
Let me reveal. The workman shapes his wood,
Till to the human mould he has subdued
His oak-born progeny; with strappings meet
Arms to the shoulders binds, to the legs feet;
Knits limb with limb, and joint in joint inserts;
Then fits nice blocks, through which his hand exerts
The easy weights. Thus dexterous he employs
The secret motion, and affords the voice.
And now complete each curious puppet shows
His lines of deep-trenched thought, and chiselled brows.
They leap, they swing, act all their volant airs,
And utter shrilling speech, and words not theirs.

TEMPLUM HARLEMIANUM.*

DUM citharam argutus digitis salientibus urget
Amphion, circum crebras se attollere turres
Aspicit attonitus, saxisque volentibus urbem
Surgere sponte suâ, et subitas coalescere Thebas.
Nunc tamen antiquæ superat miracula famæ
Harlemiana ædes, ubi nullo structa labore
Ostia se pandunt; templum inspicientia condunt
Lumina, et ipse sibi spectacula præbet ocellus.
Quin age, quà minimum tenui datur ore foramen
Pone oculum; parva imprimis tibi scena patebit,
Et vicina brevem claudent confinia visum,
Exiguumque larem cernes angustaque claustra;
Continuo aspectu se subtrahit, atque sequentes
Templum oculos fugit, et subito (mirabile visu!)
Altius assurgit Tectum, Murique recedunt,
Longa columnarum series jam mœnia utrinque
Deserit, et medio sese erigit ardua Templo.
Has inter depictus Homuncio Marmora lustrans

---

* Auctore STEPH. CLAY.——Extat "in Anglicanarum Musarum Analecta. Oxon. 1699."

THE SHOW BOX.

AMPHION, while to rapturous life he calls
The warbled string, with wonder sees new walls
Spontaneous rise, and towers at no command
Aspire, and sudden Thebes cemented stand.
But nought how strange soe'er of ancient date
Can match the Harlaem House, whose spacious gate
No structure needs; the eye itself can build
The temple, and the sight its prospect yield.
Where the small tube its fine access affords,
Apply your view. At first in worthless boards
The scene is laid, nor power you have to turn,
Surrounded so, and hemmed in narrow bourn.
But, while you gaze, behold the hall retire,
And, as you follow, flies; and, straightway higher
Pitches the dome, recede the distant walls;
Along each side a range of column falls
Detaching, springs each free and graceful stalk.
A dwarf who reads the Stones is seen to walk

Amplior incedit, miratur inania membra
Augeri, et sensim instabilem sibi crescere formam.
Rostra extant, crasso constructa sedilia fuco
Apparent, et Mensa verendæ conscia cœnæ,
Lychnique, et calices, et cetera sacra supellex.
Nec meliore Senex vitreos contraxerat arte
Cœlos, cum fragiles passim discurrere stellas
Finxerat, et totum retulit Minor Orbis Olympum.
Organa, quæ summis primò laquearibus hærent,
Mox variis distincta tubis declivia pendent
Ad latera, et pronus Fidium demittitur ordo;
Ecce tamen supra, qui horas, et tempora narrat
Discum! dum latè circum ædes tota movetur,
Ipse sibi solum constat, spatioque priori
Contentus, Formam cautè tutatur eandem.
Obstupet ipse suæ Phœbus miracula lucis,
Vimque datam radiis, atque unde potentia scenam
Orta sit augendi petit; admiransque fatetur,
Nil tale in toto occurri, quem circuit, orbe.
At dum per pictos spatiantur lumina muros,
Stat juxta Interpres doctus spectacula passim
Exponens, et ubique oculos per singula ducit;
Sic templi custos, cui divûm ornare penates
Cura, et portarum cecidit custodia sorti,
Affert ingentem, si quis venit advena, clavem,
Atque intus spectantem admittit, et omnia circum,
Cultusque, et tumulos, opera, et monumenta repandit.

Bigger across the nave, obvious to grow
His limbs, and his unsteadfast bulk to blow.
The bossy pulpit from the side is flung
Distinguished, and the brazen lamps are hung;
Engraved the Seats appear of dusky red,
And, duly graced, the sacred altar spread.
Not with superior skill he charmed the eye
Who strewed with chrystal orbs his mimic sky,
Taught in fixed wheel each brittle star to pass,
And showed Olympus in a globe of glass.
At first the Organ in the ceiling stays
Clustered, but now upon the skreen displays
Its breadth, and now with copious tubes depends,
And prone its length of ordered pipes down sends.
But see, above, the Clock with faithful hand
Midst the whole moving landscape singly stand!
Alone of all the scene consistent wait,
Callous, and patient of its former state!
The sun himself, bewildered at his beams,
Owns their new power and renovated streams,
Amazed, nor conscious that from shore to shore
Rounding the earth he met the like before.
  Meantime the learned Interpreter is nigh,
Expounding all, and leads the roving eye.
The Verger, thus, whose province is to wait
Upon the holy Fane, and keep the gate,
Brings, if a stranger come, the massy key,
And lets him in, and helps him to survey
The sculptured walks, expert, familiar tells
In order every tomb, and shows the cells.

[illegible]

But if beyond the clouded glass you pore,
When art assists the cheated eye no more,
Or draw the sliding board, and look away,
Till on the building falls the open day—
The long aisles vanish, and the huge machine
Shrinks, and reverts into its former scene;
Down breaks the arch, the deep recess is found
Flattened, and gone the perspective profound;
Pressed roofs appear, and sides of dirty grain,
And the vast Temple is a Box again.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.*

Hæc, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area Campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Evectum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ.
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens à cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse Rotundæ
Artifex ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Nè tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quasque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum incrassata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et æquo tramite currit:

* Auctore Jos. Addison.

THE BOWLING GREEN.

WHERE the smooth turf expands on every side,
And vacant levels yield an area wide,
While on the grass still hangs the tumid bead,
Nor yet the fiery sun drinks up the mead;
Let the remorseless scythe first shave the light
And tender blade, small increase of the night,
Then slow the ponderous Stone assiduous roll,
Subdue each herb, and press and calm the whole.
Forth trundling on the verdant floor now race
A wooden throng, glossy, and oiled for chase,
Who from the workman's artful hand have held
A globous form, and prone to be impelled.
But lest through want of care disorder grow,
And error of the balls, engraved they show
Each his own mark; and choice of different kind.
For some prefer a Bowl which, much inclined
By weight of metal, in curve line pursues
A simulate course oblique; while others chuse

[illegible] quam parciùs urget
[illegible] procedere recto.
[illegible] distinxerat æquas
[illegible] armis.
[illegible] futurum
[illegible] primam,
[illegible] at illa
[illegible] orbem,
[illegible] et æther.
[illegible] minorem
[illegible] metam,
[illegible] cautiùs exit,
[illegible] revolubile lignum.
[illegible] spectat inertem
[illegible] motum,
[illegible] et anxius instat,
[illegible] orbi.
[illegible] iniquam
[illegible] nodum.
[illegible] globus cùm volvitur actus
[illegible] Plumbum
[illegible] vertus.
[illegible] inanes,
[illegible] falsos
[illegible] ligno.
[illegible] ludibria, cœptum
[illegible] querelis.

That which the scantier lead, with gentle sway,
Leaves more unbiassed to its onward way.
Now, when consent or lot has ranged the field
In equal sides, their several arms they wield.
To bound the destined space, outflies the Jack,
Serving for goal. Then, studious of its track,
The first in turn his bowl attentive throws.
Gently dismissed the Sphere revolving goes
Straight on the line, grazing the silent course
In soft continuous whirl; till, losing force,
Gradual, and spent, it stops. With various speed
Another and another swift succeed.
When troops at last thick strewed upon the grass
Beset the Mark, and seem to block each pass,
With caution aimed a wary Globe forth wheels
Deliberate, and in subtle circuit steals.
But should the hapless Player see it lag
Remiss, and sudden all its vigour flag,
Urgent and close he follows on its trace,
Hangs o'er the ball, and chides its tardy pace;
Then, covering his reproach, in accents keen
Devotes the ground and knots upon the Green.
Nor fails the jest, if far beyond and wide
One hurls his bowl; or if too much aside
The bias draws it, and bears all askance.
In vain He loud exclaims, and calls it Chance,
And writhing goes, and rails in frantic mood,
While *brute!* and *beast!* he levels at the Wood.
But It, regardless of his ire, completes
Its fated journey, deaf to cries and threats.

[illegible]

Si tamen [illegible]

[illegible]

Si tamen in dextra, contracta Satellite multo,

Impingat vecors, confundaque orbibus orbes;

Tum ferrea bella, fortunam damnat acerbam,

Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia.—

Si verò incursus faciles, aditumque patentem

Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore;

Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, Euge,

Exclamant socii: plausu strepit omne Viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro

Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas:

Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ

Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

To That alone is due the highest meed,
Which keeps the path, and flows with measured speed,
Till, gliding softly through the numerous host,
It just attains and leans upon the Post.
Now from the Jack to drive the adhesive Sphere
Contends the Foe, and, where the road seems clear,
Aims with collected arm and impulse strong;
Answering his force, the Bullet streams along:
Not from the Elean goal with like career
On rapid axle shoots the Charioteer,
Not born so fast, when to his dizzy eye
The roofs run backward and the turrets fly—
Perhaps, obstructed by the frequent Guard,
It clashes with its friends, and striking hard
Drives Orb on Orb dispersed, a chaos all:
At this they rage, and fuming vent their gall
On fates adverse, and fickle Fortune blind—
But should the bowl a ready passage find,
Unbalked, and, pouring through the open space,
Dislodge the Victor and usurp his place,
Then bursts the mingling shout, with plaudits loud,
And *Bravo! Bravo!* echoes through the crowd.
But, melting now beneath the sultry star,
Fatigued they breathe, and intermit the war,
Turn to the grateful shade, and Zephyr sue,
And from their brows oft wipe the trickling dew.

CURSUS GLACIALIS.*

Quæ nova Naturæ facies, qui lumina terrent
Prospectus nivei, et camporum pallidus horror!
Ut dispersa ruunt, et toto se æthere miscent
Frigora, et hyberni tenuissima spicula Cauri!
Flumina stricta silent, cursusque oblita priores
Lucida per longos producunt stagna canales.
Ipse riget mediis, nova passus vincula, Proteus
Fluctibus, ipse suo Neptunus in æquore clausus
Miratur stabiles undas, solidataque regna.
  Quin et hyems proprios novit tristissima ludos,
Qui rigidos laxare artus torpore soluto,
Et membris habilem poterunt inferre vigorem.
  Ergo, cui firmæ contingit gloria plantæ
Ad ripas effusa ruit, totamque juventus
Calce terit glaciem; seu longum tramite lævi
Pergit iter volucris, soleamque fatigat inermem;
Seu cursum meditata vagum, pedibusque nitentes
Subjiciens lapsus, totum sibi vindicat æquor.

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* Auctore Phil. Frowde.—Extat in "Anglic. Musar. Analecta."

SKATING.

WHAT change on Nature's face! The aching sight
Can scarce endure this ghastly field of white.
Now shoots the frore, and in the breezes fly
All the fine needles of the northern sky.
Bound are the streams and mute, and where they played
A lucid line of stiff canal is laid.
Fast in the middle wave even Proteus stands
Victim, and yields to unaccustomed bands:
Neptune himself, not master of his main,
Looks on cramped waters and a fettered reign.
  Yet his own sports can dismal winter show,
Whence the joint supples and the spirits flow.
  For now the youth whose well braced limbs suffice
Rush to the brink, and crowd the plains of ice.
Some in straight course wear the defenceless shoe
Advancing fleet; some, eager to pursue
The distant range, with subtle slider steeled
Launch the bright foot, and claim the spreading field.

Aspicis in fragilem quali se proripit ictu
Planitiem! vitreas quo turbine fertur in undas!
Ut fluctus petit irriguos, glaciemque supremam
Perstringit levis! ut subitâ vertigine cursum
Abrumpit cautus medium! pede stridet acuto
Rasa superficies; facili volat ille recursu,
Itque reditque viam, et circum undique lubricus errat.
Hinc tristis desævit hyems, brumamque rigentem
Corpora contemnunt; hinc crebro mobile saltu
Cor micat, inque genis lætissima purpura fervet.
Quin si casu aliquo glacies infirma dehiscat,
Evertatve pedes, ubi crebris aspera nodis
Perpetuum prohibet cursum, gressusque fluentes;
Exoritur clamor, resonant circum omnia risu:
Illudunt misero vulgus, salibusque malignis
Excipiunt vestes madidas, plantamque caducam.
At quoties juncto plures in marmora lapsu
Prosiliunt simul obnixi, tum corpore prono
In cursum pendent, tum jactant brachia utrinque,
Vimque addunt pedibus; dubiisque erroribus acta
Ducit iter perplexum, atque orbibus implicat orbes
Æmula turba: vagi passim vestigia ferri
Apparent, variisque inscribitur area gyris.
Sic ubi circuitu incerto lascivit Hirundo
Plurima per sudum crepitans, humilique volatu
Floriferos nunc stringit agros, nunc flumina verrit
Summa levis: crebros miramur in aere flexus,
Confusasque vias, et inextricabile textum.

See, on the fragile main how bold he throws
His eddying circles! fearless how he goes
Spurning the brittle wave in volant sport!
Close to the freshes and the last support
Now grazes free—now on the perilous ledge
Expert he wheels—sharp to the iron edge
Grates the furred glass—but he in labyrinth light
Turns and returns, and weaves his slippery flight.
Thus winter smiles: thus o'er the kindling cheek
Spreads the warm blood, and buxom blushes speak.
But if some thinner ice should chance to yield,
Or the foot trip where in the rugged field
Knots thickly set his baffled way confound,
Then shouts the mob, and peals of mirth go round;
While some, affecting to bewail his plight,
Unwelcome throng to raise the hapless wight.
Forth on the marble field at times will spring
A well matched troop, and chase the sweeping ring;
Then prone with speed, stretch graceful o'er the plain,
Twine their poised arms, and fleeter shoot amain;
With rival art in circling courses fly,
Mix, and evolve, and orb in orb imply:
Where, scoring light, each vagrant footstep flows,
In countless lines the opal pavement shows.
The Swallow, thus, illusive to the sight,
Flickering at noon in many a wanton flight,
Close on sheer wing the yellow mead will skim,
Brush the calm wave, and swiftly taste the brim;
In vain we tend her thousand liquid ways,
Lost in the quick inextricable maze.

Artibus his fretus, si vera est fama, Batavus
Firmatam nactus glaciem, soleasque ferentes,
Ripam odit tritasque vias; tardosque relinquens
Terrarum tractus, plantâ fugiente viator
Lubricus, aut longe semotum invisit amicum,
Aut petit ignotus peregrinam Villicus urbem.
Sæpe etiam plenis apportans ova canistris,
Nil fragili metuens oneri, se impune fideli
Committit Mulier pelago, securaque tranat
Frigora constricta, et quæsitæ allabitur oræ.
Insculptum videas callem, et tota æquora passim
Proscindi ferro, longisque albescere sulcis.

Often the Hollander, if fame be true,
Trusting these arts his travel will pursue,
Leave the slow beat of irksome road behind,
Tread the fixed colds, and journey with the wind;
To friend remote a gliding stranger hie,
Or feed with far-off town his boorish eye.
Oft with egg basket too the Woman fares
Full heaped, nought fearing for her fragile wares:
They in their wicker bed securely sleep,
While bold she launches to the steadfast deep,
In easy balance swims the crystal floor,
And bears her market to the distant shore.
In the firm floods you trace a slender keel,
And the long furrow whitens to her heel.

THE

PANORAMA.

Of power to cheat the eye with strong illusion.

—— o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league.

THE PANORAMA.

WHEN thirst of knowledge led our Sires, of yore,
Some foreign scene of wonder to explore,
Long was the toiling traveller forced to roam
Far from his pleasant friends and tranquil home,
O'er heaving oceans, troubled realms, to go,
Parched by the sands, or nipped in fields of snow.
The world had ceased to dream Icarian days,
When human arms should cut the lofty ways,
When on stretched vans the ponderous things should sweep,
Winnowing their fabrics through the loaded deep—
Or only dreamed; soon fell each baseless plan,
And talking birds outstripped the flying man.
  But now, even fabled history sinks in shade,
And art arrives where fancy scarce had strayed;
With safety now exotic scenes we spy,
And sit at ease, while woods and castles fly.
Lo, in your street an anchoring navy waits!
Or populous town lifted with all her gates!

THE PANORAMA.

Lo, fields achieving, alien to your shore,
And distant empires battled at your door!
Perhaps her busy swarms Batavia pours
Beneath your eye, or Asia's glittering towers
Pitch all around, or seems the far-off mart
To open, or the school of foreign art.
With easy step from land to land you go,
At Rome to-day, to-morrow at Moscow.

Where the guide points, you take your leave of day;
And, taught by lamps along the secret way,
Wind to a short ascent. Here on your eye
Dawns a new sun, and lights another sky;
Sun without cloud, and light of mellowest hue.
On every side you turn, at every view,
Strange roofs appear, and fronting columns stand
Of sovereign art. Profuse on either hand,
Cornice and chapiter, and pendent frieze,
And trophied arch, and wreathy turret rise.
Beneath extends the spacious vista paved,
Cloister, and adamant walk, in line or waved,
Smooth wrought or tesselate, circle and square
And pillared way stealing the floated air
Serene. Apart on some free pedestal
Behold the Parian statue; seems the wall
Scarce to detain it, so the bended arm
Denotes the life, so looks the feature warm.
There in compacted slope the ramparts broad
Sweep, and wide scale, and flight of marble road
Magnificent. Instinctive you retreat
As one who happed on verge of regal seat:

Silent you move, and scan each princely dome,
And breathe a wanderer in imperial Rome.
But ah, how changed! how fallen from whence she hurled
Her fetters round, and held a prostrate world!
Again how fallen! again her sceptre thrown
Quite to the dust, and reft her second crown.
Fled is her pomp, and shrouded all her pride,
And the tomb rests, and vermin crawl beside!
See, on the Consular floor and hallowed stones
Famine sits naked, and the lazar drones!
Look, in the portal where Dictators rode,
Couch abject slaves, and Romans lick the goad!
You gaze entranced, and read the eloquent scene
Of all she is, and all proud Rome has been;
And gazing sigh, and spare some kindred tears
To the sad pageant of two thousand years.
Or should Augusta's homelier towers invite,
And, better known, more touch you with delight,
Again you hide, again you steal your way,
Till on your sight expands another day—
Nor false these beams, the sun imparts the whole,
Though found by turns in different skies to roll.
Now on some palace wall you stand aloof,
Or tread sublime the Abbey's mitred roof,
Whose pile conspicuous, and supreme in place,
Commands the varied town, herself its grace.
At first the view in one great field is lost
Of ridge on ridge, like boundless ocean tost.
But, looking on, distinct you trace the scene
Of street and court, and intermingled green

And crowded path. There Thames in ample tide
Bends his fair course, great cities to divide
Successive many a mile, where commerce drives
Her thousand marts, and half a nation hives;
There laves wide walls, and seats of public power,
And holy fanes, and rounds the sable Tower,
Labouring long fraught, and scarce finds riddance past,
Gorged with deep hulls and wilderness of mast;
Yet onward gains, and spreads, and reaches far,
And bears his thunder to the ocean war.
Returning thence you grope the dusky shade
Of the packed city, restless forge of trade;
Her ancient ports and bartisans you rove,
Crozier and spire, and, towering sheer above,
And ranked with loftiest pride of thrice crowned Rome,
The dreadful force of Paul's enormous dome.
Nought seeming else than hill globose it stands,
Or central rock, too vast for human hands.
Now many a scattered pile you travel o'er,
College, and Inn, and palace of the Poor;
Or where the ghastly maniac drinks forced air,
In human dens and gardens of despair;
Or, barred in triple steel, and locked for death,
Where guilt blasphemes and terror pants for breath;
O'er smiling Somerset enchased in tides,
Or his old head where regal Savoy hides;
Or where unblushing Drury lately raised
To all the town her confident roof, since blazed.
O'er square and moon and countless pass you stray,
Where fervid throngs glut in the throttled way.

Long as you look, wheels wedging wheels detain,
And still the ponderous waggon seems to strain;
Long spurns the flashing hoof, the sinew long
Stretches, and high impends the hovering thong—
Never to fall.

So when Pompei's roof was late displayed,
And ancient life to modern search betrayed,
Here might you see the curtained litter wait,
And the tall slaves motionless in the gate;
The bending courier breathless in the road
Is stiffened, and the bearer with his load;
The fingered lyre is mute, the feast stands still,
The flaggons empty not, nor the cups fill;
The constant artist points the unvarying tool,
And fixed intent, and lasting purpose rule;
Life seems to wait in every lifted hand,
And many an age the busy people stand.

Leave now the purlieus of the toiling Fleet,
For smoother ways, and breadth of fairer street;
Where mix, of earlier and of recent date,
Temples and solemn mansions of the state;
Where the huge Hall's terrific arches soar,
Stupendous rest of palace long no more;
Or where of spotless name, though spotted since,
Shines the fair dome stained with a martyr prince;
Seat once of Wolsey's, once of Hubert's pride.
Hence turn refreshed, and roam the fringes wide
Of the still Park: Or gain on cloistered walls,
And courts reserved, and where the shadow falls

Broad on mosaic floors, a cool demesne;
Or where, sequestered beneath frontier green
Of garden sweets, and sunk in foliage deep,
Their state recluse pavillioned nobles keep;
Envied sojourns, and bowers of kingly guise!
Park joins to park, to palace palace lies.
Might peace be graffed upon an earthly stem,
Peace here should grow, and bear her fruits for them.
For them the seasons weave their flowery crown,
And Eden's rose consents to blush in town;
Round their smooth halls perennial odours stray,
Leaves ever fan, and fountains ever play.
With thee, too, Kensington, well pleased we rove,
And press thy carpets and secluded grove,
Thy spacious calms, and alleys long withdrawn,
And velvet roads, and spread of sheerest lawn.
Delightful haunts! where in green labyrinth sweet
Slope leans to slope, fading in linked retreat:
More coy perhaps, perhaps and fairer found,
Than those the world in Babylon long renowned
Of complete symmetry, by poets sung
Or fabled, terrace on high terrace hung.
And oh, might hand so rude compose the flowers,
Fain would I help to dress those later bowers,
Fain would pourtray the gardens more unknown,
And tufted walks, and pleasant plats, of Sloane.
Like some fair city past the western main,
Pendent with cedar, and the broad plantain,
She stretches wide her street and verdant square,
Pleased with the purer scite and grateful air.

Not soon his heart thy landscape may forego,
Who sought thee in the tenderest times of woe,
And the dark hour; found home in kindred bland,
And Friendship's warm and hospitable hand;
Saw suffering youth and loveliness retreat,
To breathe thy heaven in sacred sadness sweet;
Saw her intent on others cares, though worn—
Intent on others tears, herself forlorn;
And fan the hope, and gently seek to steal
Its venom from the wound she might not heal.
But lo, new scenes of life compel the sight;
Lo the parks burnished, and the roads all bright.
See line of marshalled host on line extend,
Blazing in arms, to squadron squadron bend.
Sumpter and caravan and swarthy train,
And turms of horsemen cloud the sultry plain.
In managed pride they foam, and crested high.
Seems pipe and shawm and cymbal in the sky
Harmonious, and the lifted brass to blow.
Bound for some distant clime perhaps they go,
Indus, or Gothland, or the deep drenched field
Of Lusitania. Rooted not to yield,
Like Sparta's or the just Molossian brood,
Dauntless they wait, full toned, and firm on blood.
O cheap resort, if barter of the breath
Reaped lasting peace! and virtue were in death!
Lost in the various scene which meets his view,
Where scarce the fiction differs from the true,
Perplexing thoughts the gazer have possest,
Of life gone by, in all her mockeries drest;

Of budding pleasures fleeted ere the bloom,
Of crowns that fall, of beauty's early tomb,
And glory likest to the gilded cloud.
Intent he looks, and sums the shadowy crowd,
Their frothy purpose, unsubstantial fame,
And all their hollow ways; himself the same.
Long he forgets, and feeds the growing theme,
And slowly saddens to the mighty dream—
At last descends, with sober griefs replete,
To humble mansions, and the well known street;
There leaves, in canvass frame and timbers light,
Gigantic towers, and theatres of fight;
In low-roofed shed leaves frowning legions pent,
Or all Byzantium huddled in a tent.

WHY does that infant whom you fold
So warm your heart, so fill your eyes?—
Is it because you love to hold
A thing so lately from the skies?

Ah, think upon his future day,
Unlock thy arms, and let him go:
For scarce a mother's love might pay
The sorrows he should meet below.

O WELCOME is the hour of prime,
And sweet the opening bud to see:
Yet joys there are in every time
For such as thankful be.

O life is pleasant at the dawn,
While hope is beating in the breast;
And pleasant when the shades are drawn,
For then we look to rest.

SELECT AIRS

FROM

METASTASIO,

TRANSLATED.

Care selve a voi ritorno.

AIRS FROM METASTASIO.

SEMPLICE Fanciulletto,
Se al tenero augelletto
Rallenta il laccio un poco,
Il fa volar per gioco,
Ma non gli scioglie il piè.
Quel Fanciullin tu sei,
Quell' Augellin son io;
Il laccio è l'amor mio
Che mi congiunge a te.

DELL' ENDIMIONE. Parte I.

Fra l'ombre un lampo solo
Basta al nocchier sagace
Che già ritrova il polo,
Già riconosce il mar.
Al pellegrin ben spesso
Basta un vestigio impresso,
Perchè la via fallace
Non l'abbia ad ingannar.

ACHILLE IN SCIRO. Atto I. Sc. 6.

TRANSLATED.

THE simple boy, who tends his herd,
Sometimes the prisoned fluttering bird
Seems to let go, and slacks the string;
In sport alone he gave it wing,
Its foot was never free.
That playful shepherd youth thou art;
That fluttering bird behold in me;
The string which ties me is my heart,
It brings me ever back to thee.

One glimmering light will oft suffice
Th' experienced sailor on the deep,
By which to find the polar skies,
And fix his course again.
Suffices for the pilgrim's guide
One footstep in the desert wide,
By which his doubtful way to keep
Across the wildering plain.

Nasce in un giorno solo,
E in un sol giorno muore
Quel languidetto fiore,
Sì pronto a comparir.
Stan del natio terreno
Chiuse gran tempo in seno,
Tarde le palme a nascere,
Difficili a morir.

Il Tempio dell' Eternità.

Di ricche gemme e rare
L'Indico mare abbonda;
Nè più tranquilla à l'onda,
Nè il cielo à più seren.
Se v'è, del flutto infido
Lido che men paventi,
E' qualche ignoto a' venti
Povero angusto sen.

Zenobia. Atto I. Sc. 4.

Più bella, al tempo usato,
Fan germogliar la vite
Le provide ferite
D'esperto agricoltor.
Non stilla in altra guisa
Il balsamo odorato,
Che da una pianta incisa
Dall' Arabo pastor.

Adriano. Atto III. Sc. 2.

Discovered in a day and grown
We see the flowret spring;
But ere a day has flown
We see that flowret withering.
Maturing in his native bed
Long time the cedar lay;
Slowly he lifts his head,
And slowly will again decay.

Though many a gem of brightest dye
In caves of Indian ocean be,
They do not boast a calmer sky,
Or more unruffled sea.
Is there a shore which Neptune finds
Less subject to his boisterous sway,
It is, forgotten by the winds,
Some poor and narrow bay.

More beautiful the vine becomes,
When culture's hand bestows
Its sharp but needful blows,
And richer fruits in time we gain.
Less pure had been the gums
Which by the odorous plant were shed,
If to the knife it had not bled
Of the Arabian swain.

Speranza.

Perchè gli son compagna,
L'estivo raggio ardente
L'Agricoltor non sente;
Suda ma non si lagna
Dell' opra e del sudor.
Con me nel carcer nero
Ragiona il prigionero;
Si scorda affanni e pene,
E al suon di sue catene
Cantando va talor.

La Festivita dell S. S. Natale.

Quel languidetto giglio
Che 'l vomere calcò,
Dal suolo alzar non può
L' oppresse foglie.
Ma, se lo bagna il cielo
Col matutino umor,
Solleva il curvo stelo,
E del natio candor
Tinge le spoglie.

Della Galatea. Parte II.

To field the willing swain repairs
  Beneath the summer's scorching ray,
  For hope is partner of his way;
  Nor as with melting brow he fares
  Of heat or toil complains.
With hope the prisoner cheers his gloom
  Conversing in the dungeon room;
  And has, in spite of all his wrong,
  At times forgotten in a song
  The clanking of his chains.

Down trodden by the plough,
  Appears the drooping lily dead;
  Her leaves upon the earth outspread,
  And flown their lovely hue.
But, with the morning light,
  If steeped again in heavenly dew,
  We see her lift the languid head,
  And, drest once more in native white,
  Her beauties all renew.

Destrier, che all' armi usato
Fuggi dal chiuso albergo,
Scorre la selva, il prato,
Agita il crin su'l tergo,
E fa co' suoi nitriti
Le valli risuonar.
Ed ogni suon che ascolta,
Crede che sia la voce
Del cavalier feroce
Che l'anima a pugnar.

L'ALESSANDRO NELL' INDIE. Atto II. Sc. 10.

Oh come spesso il mondo
Nel giudicar delira,
Perchè gli effetti ammira
Ma la cagion non sa!
E chiama poi Fortuna
Quella cagion che ignora,
E'l suo difetto adora
Cangiato in deità.

IL TEMPIO DELL' ETERNITÀ.

Quando il mar biancheggia e freme,
Quando il ciel lampeggia e tuona,
Il nocchier che s' abbandona
Va sicuro a naufragar.
Tutte l'onde son funeste
A chi manca ardire e speme;
E si vincon le tempeste
Col saperle tollerar.

L'EROE CINESE. Atto II. Sc. 5.

The steed who has been used to war,
If from the stall he breaks his way,
Flies through the field, the wood, the plain,
And tosses his dishevelled mane,
And to the thundering of his neigh
The valley rings afar:
And every shout and distant noise,
Which meets him on the breezy height,
He thinks it is the warrior's voice
That calls him to the burning fight.

O full of error manifold
The judgment is of humankind;
They wonder still at what they find,
But know not whence it came:
Then whatsoe'er they cannot reach
They term it Fortune, Fate, or Chance;
And worship thus their ignorance
Beneath some hallowed name.

When seas are white, and tempests rave,
And lightning flashes through the skies,
The pilot from the helm who flies
Surrenders to the wave.
Fatal alike all surges are
To such as will not hope or dare;
But angriest billows oft will spare
The patient and the brave.

Datti pace, e più serena
A ubbidir l'alma prepara;
Questa cura a Dio più cara
D'ogni vittima sarà.
Chi una vittima gli svena
L'altrui sangue offre al suo trono;
Chi ubbidisce a lui fa dono
Della propria volontà.

ISACCO. Parte I.

Dovunque il guardo giro,
Immenso Dio, ti vedo:
Nell' opre tue t' ammiro,
Ti riconosco in me.
La terra, il mar, le sfere,
Parlan del tuo potere:
Tu sei per tutto, e noi
Tutti viviamo in te.

LA PASSIONE. Parte II.

Se a ciascun l'interno affanno
Si leggesse in fronte scritto,
Quanti mai che invidia fanno
Ci farebbero pietà!
Si vedria, che i lor nemici
Anno in seno; e si riduce
Nel parere a noi felici
Ogni lor felicità.

GIUSEPPE RICONOSCIUTO. Parte Prima.

Compose thy mind, and, void of fear,
To meet the will of God arise;
To Him such offering will be dear
Above all other sacrifice.
In costliest victim that we slay
We give another's blood alone;
But our own hearts before His throne
Are offered up when we obey.

Where'er I turn my wondering eye,
The immeasurable God is nigh;
I see Thee, Lord, in nature's plan,
I meet Thee in the heart of man.
The sky, the ocean, and the land,
Speak of the strangeness of Thy hand;
In all Thy works Thou art, and we
Our life and being have in Thee.

If all was written on the brow,
Which inwardly gives pain,
How many who are envied now
Compassion would obtain!
For oft, concealed within the breast,
They lodge their deadliest foe;
And being thought by others blest
Is all the bliss they know.

Non m' abbaglia quel lampo fugace;
Non m' alletta quel riso fallace;
Non mi fido, non temo di te.
So che spesso tra i fiori e le fronde
Pur la serpe s' asconde, s' aggira;
So che in aria tal volta s' ammira
Una stella, che stella non è.

Il Temistocle. Atto I. Sc. 10.

Biancheggia in mar lo scoglio;
Par che vacilli, e pare
Che lo sommerga il mare
Fatto maggior di sè:
Ma dura a tanto orgoglio
Quel combattuto sasso;
E'l mar tranquillo, e basso
Poi gli lambisce il piè.

Il Sogno di Scipione.

Sia lontano ogni cimento,
L'onda sia tranquilla e pura,
Buon Guerrier non s'assicura,
Non si fida il buon Nocchier;
Anche in pace, in calma ancora,
L'armi adatta, i remi appresta,
Di battaglia, o di tempesta,
Qualche assalto a sostener.

La Clemenza di Tito. Atto II. Sc. 4.

No more these wandering lights beguile,
  There is no magic in thy smile;
  I do not fear thee, but I shun.
I know that under flowery brake
  The coiling snake will often lie;
  I know that sometimes in the sky
  A star will seem that star is none.

The rock is whitened by the main,
  And labouring now appears to glide,
  Now sink beneath the whelming tide,
  So high the billows meet:
Yet does that battered rock remain
  Unmoved above the ocean loud;
  Yet do those angry billows proud
  Descend to lick his feet.

Although no combatant is near,
  Though smooth the course and ocean clear,
  His guard the wary Foe will keep,
  The wary Pilot watch the deep;
While hushed the camp, while bright the sky,
  Will poise the lance, will trim the sail,
  Prepared, whatever chance be nigh,
  To meet the battle, or the gale.

... del vento,
...to, il piè fugace;
... e in un momento
...mo a serenar.
...e moli oppresse
...a calletta, e poi mi piace
...terrar le moli istesse
Che ò sudato a sollevar.

Il Sogno di Scipione.

Varcan col vento istesso
Due navi il flutto infido:
Una ritorna al lido,
L'altra si perde in mar.
Colpa non è del vento,
Se varia i lor sentieri;
La varia de' Nocchieri
Arte di navigar.

L' Asilo d' Amore.

Sacri orrori, ombre felici,
Il mio cor v' intende assai:
Questo è il suol per cui passai
Tanti regni e tanto mar.
Più sommesso il vento istesso
Mormorando tra le fronde,
Qual tesoro in voi s' asconde
Par che voglia palesar.

Sant' Elena al Calvario.

Swift of foot, and light of mind,
Fortune changes with the wind,
Wearing cheek of many a hue;
Is gentle now as dew,
Now like the angry blaze.
She loves to lift the levelled heights again;
And then delights
Those very heights
Once more to level with the plain,
Which she had laboured to upraise.

Two barks the faithless billows bore
The self-same way before the breeze;
One safely touched her happy shore,
The other foundered on the seas.
Yet charge not to a cruel wind
The differing fortune which prevails;
The difference in the card we find,
And skill with which the pilot sails.

All hail, ye sacred glooms, at last!
I know ye, by my heart, to be
That holy land for which I past
So many a realm, so wide a sea.
Methinks like sighs the winds arise!
A murmur through the forest goes!
The treasure in thy lap that lies
As if it laboured to disclose.

Alla prigione antica
Quell' augellin ritorna,
Ancor che mano amica
Gli abbia disciolto il piè.
Per uso al semplicetto
La libertà dispiace,
Quanto n' avea diletto
Allor che la perdè.

L' Asilo d'Amore.

Al furor d'avversa sorte
Più non palpita e non teme,
Chi s'avvezza allor che freme
Il suo volto a sostener.
Scuola son d'un' alma forte
L'ire sue le più funeste,
Come i nembi e le tempeste
Son la scuola del nocchier.

Il Temistocle. Atto I. Sc. 3.

Back to its long accustomed cage
The bird is often seen to fly,
Even if our pitying hand should try
Its feet to disengage.
By use the little fool is taught
To languish for his wires again,
As he had fluttered to obtain
His liberty, when caught.

The shafts of Fortune pointless fly,
No terrors can her frown produce,
If early is the heart in use
Those threatenings to defy.
Best school of courage to the mind
She is when most with anger fraught;
As sailors in the school are taught
Of surges and the rocking wind.

CANZONE—Torquato Tasso.

" Fatta in Urbino; dolendosi della sua fortuna."

O del grand' Apennino
Figlio picciolo sì, ma glorioso,
E di nome più chiaro assai, che d'onde;
Fugace peregrino,
A queste tue cortesi amiche sponde
Per sicurezza vengo, e per riposo.
L'alta quercia, che tu bagni, e feconde
Con dolcissimi umori, ond' ella spiega
I rami sì, ch' i monti e i mari ingombra,
Mi ricopra coll' ombra;
L'ombra sacra, ospital, ch' altrui non nega:
Al tuo fresco gentil riposo, e sede,
Entro al più denso mi raccoglia, e chiuda;
Sicch' io celato sia da quella cruda
E cieca dea, ch'è cieca, e pur mi vede,

CANZONE—Torquato Tasso.

A FRAGMENT.

Humble but glorious child
Of aged Apennine, towering to the sky;
In story brighter than thy silver tide;
O stranger fleet and wild,
To this thy friendly and protecting side
Well pleased for safety and repose I fly.
The lofty Oak,* with mantling branches wide,
Bathed by thy stream, and from thy cisterns fed,
Shadowing the mountains and the seas between,
Embower me with his skreen!
Inviolate skreen, and hospitably spread!
Thy cool recesses undisturbed and sweet
Shroud me in deepest covert thick entwined!
So hid from blind and cruel fortune; blind,
But not for me, whom still she sees to meet,

---

* The oak was the cognizance of the Duke of Urbino, at whose seat this Complaint was written.

Bench'io da lei m'appiatti in monte o in valle,
E per solingo calle
Notturno io mova, e sconosciuto il piede:
E mi saetta sì, che ne'miei mali
Mostri tanti occhi aver, quanto ella ha strali.

Oimè! dal dì che pria
Trassi l'aure vitali, e i lumi apersi
In questa luce a me non mai serena,
Fui dell' ingiusta e ria
Trastullo e segno; e di sua man soffersi
Piaghe, che lunga età risalda appena.
Sassel la gloriosa alma Sirena,
Appresso il cui sepolcro ebbi la cuna:
Così avuto v'avessi o tomba o fossa
Alla prima percossa.
Me dal sen della madre empia fortuna
Pargolletto divelse: ah! di que' baci,
Ch'ella bagnò de lagrime dolenti,
Con sospir mi rimembra, e degli ardenti
Preghi, che sen portar l'aure fugaci,
Ch'io giunger non dovea più volto a volto,
Fra quelle braccia accolto
Con nodi così stretti, e sì tenaci:
Lasso! e seguii con mal sicure piante,
Qual Ascanio, o Camilla, il padre errante.

In aspro esiglio, e'n dura
Povertà crebbi; in quei sì mesti errori,
Intempestivo senso ebbi agli affanni,

Though far by hill or valley I should stray,
Or in the lonely way
Have passed at midnight, and with noiseless feet:
And by this bleeding side well understood,
Her aim unerring, as her shaft is good.

Since first I breathed this air,
Ah me, since first I met the glorious light,
Which never to these eyes unclouded shone,
I was her fatal care,
Chosen to be her mark and her despite;
Nor yet those early hurts by time outgrown.
Well to that spirit pure my words are known,
Beside whose sainted tomb my cradle stood.
Might they have laid me in the peaceful ground
When I received the wound!
Me from my mother's bosom fortune rude
Tore while a child: O yet I feel those last
Kisses and burning tears upon my cheek,
With sighs remembered; still I hear that meek
And ardent prayer, caught by the rising blast:
Then parted ever; no more face to face
Folded in strict embrace,
And held by close and loving arms so fast;
Ah, but like Ilus, or Camilla, tried
The unequal journey by my father's side.

In banishment I grew,
And rigid want; instructed by our strange
Disastrous flight to shed untimely tears;

Ch'anzi stagion matura
L'acerbità de' casi, e de' dolori,
In me rendè l'acerbità degli anni.
L'egra spogliata sua vecchiezza, e i danni
Narrerò tutti. Or che non sono io tanto
Ricco de' proprii guai, che basti solo
Per materia di duolo?
Dunque altri ch'io da me dev'esser pianto?
Già scarsi al mio voler sono i sospiri,
E queste due d'umor sì larghe vene
Non agguaglian le lagrime alle pene.
Padre, o buon padre, che dal ciel rimiri,
Egro e morto ti piansi, e ben tu il sai,
E gemendo scaldai
La tomba, e il letto; or che negli alti giri
Tu godi, a te si deve onor, non lutto,
A me versato il mio dolor sia tutto.
..... *manca.*

Nor childhood's pleasure knew;
But bitterness to me of chance and change
Brought immature the bitterness of years.
Despoiled and bare his feeble age appears
Before me still. Alas! and is my store
Of griefs become so scanty, that my own
Are not enough to moan?
That others than myself I must deplore?
But seldom though I bid will come the sigh,
Or from these wells the gushing water spring
In measure suited to my suffering.
Dear father, now my witness from the sky,
Whom sick thou knowest how I mourned, and dead,
Poured on thy grave and bed
My ardent heart; thee in thy mansions high
All bliss beseems, and unalloyed with pain;
Only for me the sighs and tears remain.

. . . . . .

SELECT

ITALIAN SONNETS,

TRANSLATED.

——and touched the secret chord.

Che speri, instabil dea, di sassi e spine
Ingombrando a' miei passi ogni sentiero?
Ch'io tremi forse a un guardo tuo severo?
Ch'io sudi forse a imprigionarti il crine?
Serba queste minacce alle meschine
Alme soggette al tuo fallace impero;
Ch'io saprei, se cadesse il mondo intero,
Intrepido aspettar le sue rovine.
Non son nuove per me queste contese;
Pugnammo (il sai) gran tempo, e più valente
Con agitarmi il tuo furor mi rese.
Che dalla ruota e dal martel cadente
Mentre soffre l'acciar colpi ed offese,
E più fino diventa, e più lucente.

Pietro Metastasio.

O Sonno, o della queta umida ombrosa
Notte placido figlio! o de' mortali
Egri conforto, obblio dolce de' mali
Si gravi ond'è la vita aspra e noiosa;
Socorri al core omai che langue, e posa
Non ave, e queste membra stanche e frali
Solleva; a me te'nvola, o Sonno, e l'ali
Tue brune sovra me distendi e posa.
Ov'è il silenzio che'l dì fugge e'l lume?
E i lieve sogni che con non secure
Vestigia di seguirti han per costume?
Lasso! che'n van ti chiamo, e quest' oscure
E gelid' ombra in van lusingo: o piume
D'asprezza colme, o notti acerbe e dure!

Giovanni Della Casa.

WHY dost thou seek, O fickle fortune, why
Still with thy rudest thorns to plant my way?
I have no garlands at thy feet to lay,
No heart to tremble at thy tyranny.
Then spare these haughty frowns for such as lie
Abject, and yield to thy delusive sway:
Mine is the hope, when earth should pass away,
Unaltered to expect the ruin nigh.
Long since, thou knowest well, we two are foes,
And oft have met; and every time I feel
Beneath thy vengeance that my spirit grows.
The falling hammer and the merciless wheel
Thus heighten, where they strike their keenest blows,
The temper and the polish of the steel.

O SLEEP, O peaceful son of the moist, still,
And shadowy night; O comfort of the mind
That suffers; sweet oblivion where to find
Repose, and interval of human ill;
Help thou a heart that languishes, nor will
Take rest; these weak and weary limbs unbind;
And, hovering on thy gloomy pinions kind,
Brood o'er me, and with balmy slumbers fill.
Where has the coy and darkling Silence fled?
And where the dreams, which in thy quiet train
With light and timorous step were sometime led?
Alas! in vain I call thee, and in vain
Sigh for the dusk and dewy time. O bed
And pillow of thorn! O nights of grief and pain!

Bembo, voi sete a quei bei studi intento,
Ch' acquistan vita a l'uom quand' egli è morto;
E, come buon nocchier ch'è giunto in porto,
Più noiar non vi può contrario vento.
Io pur mi trovo in mar pien di spavento,
Che'l lito è lunge, ed il viaggio è torto:
Però mi volgo al ciel, avendo scorto
Ogni soccorso uman fallace e lento.
O fortunato, che sì cari frutti
Cogliete omai delle fatiche vostre,
Che le faran gradir mill' anni e mille:
Quando fia mai ch'un bel seren si mostre
A gli occhi miei? quando saranno asciutti?
O quando notti avran dolci e tranquille?

Trissino.

Pò, ben puo' tu portartene la scorza
Di me con tue possenti e rapid' onde;
Ma lo spirto ch'iv' entro si nasconde
Non cura nè di tua, nè d'altrui forza:
Lo qual, senza alternar poggia con orza,
Dritto per l'aure al suo desir seconde
Battendo l'ali verso l'aurea fronde,
L'acqua, e'l vento, e la vela, e i remi, sforza.
Re degli altri, superbo, altero fiume,
Che'ncontri 'l sol, quando e' ne mena il giorno,
E'n Ponente abbandoni un più bel lume,
Tu te ne vai col mio mortal sul corno;
L'altro, coverto d'amorose piume,
Torna volando al suo dolce soggiorno.

Petrarca.

Addressed to Cardinal Bembo.

THUS bent, my lord, on toils which do not fail
To purchase man a good name when he dies,
Thou art like him whose boat at anchor lies,
After long voyage, and steered in heavy gale.
I still on dark and perilous ocean sail,
And miss the port, and mark the gathering skies;
And late to heaven my troubled thoughts arise,
Convinced how slow is human help and frail.
O blest indeed, who goest now to reap
Thy fruit of joy, compensing dangers past!
Immortal fruit, and joy that shall not cease.
Might such a hope serene visit at last
My wearied eyes, used but to watch and weep!
And might they close, at length, perhaps, in peace!

THY waters, Po, may with resistless tide
Convey this body as their current hies;
But that which is within alike defies
Thy greatest power, and every force beside.
My soul through yielding air delights to glide,
Nor by the larboard and the starboard plies;
Back to the LAUREL turns, and, as it flies,
Can wind and wave, and sail and oar, deride.
Proud river, swelling in thy regal mood,
Who meet'st the sun what time he brings the morn,
And leavest in the west a fairer light;
This mortal thou may'st drive before thy flood,
But on Love's wing the spirit is upborn,
And to a sweeter home directs its flight.

ORRIDA notte, che rinchiusa il negro
Crin sotto'l vel de l'umide tenèbre
Da sotterra esci, e di color funebre
Amanti il mondo, e spoglilo d'allegro;
Io che i tuoi freddi indugi irato ed egro
Biasmo non men che la mia ardente febre,
Quanto ti loderei, se le palpebre
Queto chiudessi un de' tuoi corsi integro!
Direi ch'esci dal ciel, e ch'hai di stelle
Mille corone onde fai'l mondo adorno,
Che ne chiami al riposo, e ne rappelle
Da le fatiche, e ch'al tuo sen soggiorno
Fanno i diletti, e tante cose belle,
Che ne s'andria tinto d'invidia il giorno.

LUIGI TANSILLO.

AURA soave, che sì dolcemente
Lusinghi l'aere, e tra l'erbette e i fiori
Dolci scherzando accogli mille odori,
E poi li spargi sì soavemente;
O verde prato, o bel rivo corrente,
Grato rifugio a gli amorosi ardori,
Che già le mie speranze e i miei timori
Sì pietosi ascoltasti, e sì sovente;
Al tristo suon ch'ognor tra voi s'udiva
Posi eterno silenzio: e può ben tanto
Nostro voler, pur che ragion il tempre.
Ma se ben più di lei non piango e canto,
Non fia però che'l cor non ami sempre
Questo fresco, quest'erba, e questa riva.

GIOVANNI MOZZARELLO.

Horrible Night, whose ebon locks unbound
Beneath a veil of dripping darkness fall;
Who, rising from the deep, with funeral pall
Mantlest the world, and saddenest all things round;
I, who thy cold and sullen pace have found
Thus dismal, and whom feverish thoughts appal,
Far other note would raise, if at my call
Peace with thee came, and one long sleep profound.
Sky-born thou shouldst be then, and I would greet
Thy starry crowns which pour a silver blaze;
Tell how thou beckonest to repose, and sweet
Exchange from labour; and how pleasure stays
With thee; and such high themes would I repeat,
That day should envious grow, hearing thy praise.

Ye gentle breezes, which on balmy wing
Fan as ye fly, from field and flowery bed
Gathering whate'er of rich perfume they shed,
In amorous play more sweetly wild to fling;
And thou green mead, and thou translucent spring,
Where oft in fever of the heart I fled,
And to the hopes and fears which passion bred
With pity's ear still found you answering;
Henceforth these notes of sorrow and despair
Must ever silenced be; thus far the will
Has power to reach, and reason checks the tear.
But though the tear be stayed, the song be still,
Not less my heart shall hold forever dear
This green, this fountain, and this wafted air.

Ergi meco da terra il guardo, e mira,
Giuseppe, il ciel che ci si volge intorno:
Ei la dolce vital aura del giorno,
E gli studi a'nascenti, e'l genio ispira.
Purpureo manto ambizioso ammira
Altri, e servendo ha in premio oltraggio e scorno:
Altri, di ferro marzial adorno,
Per mille rischi a incerta gloria aspira.
Questi al mar procelloso un fragil legno
E se sommette, e brama argento ed oro:
Quei d'amor vile al collo ha il giogo indegno.
Tu ed io cerchiam nel santo aonio coro,
O in riva al chiaro Ilisso ornar l'ingegno,
Or di platano i crin' cinti, or d' alloro.

Antonio Querengo.

O dolce selva solitaria, amica
De' miei pensieri sbigottiti e stanchi,
Mentre Borea ne' dì torbidi e manchi
D'orrido gel l'aere e la terra implica;
E la tua verde chioma ombrosa, antica
Come la mia, par d'ogn' intorno imbianchi;
Or che'n vece di fior' vermigli e bianchi
Ha neve e ghiaccio ogni tua piaggia aprica;
A questa breve nubilosa luce
Vò ripensando, che mi avanza, e ghiaccio
Gli spirti anch'o sento e le membra farsi:
Ma più di te dentro e d'intorno agghiaccio;
Che più crudo Euro a me mio verno adduce,
Più lunga notte, e dì più freddi e scarsi.

Della Casa.

Look up with me, my Joseph, and admire
Yon heaven in silent wheel continual born:
He at whose vital beam awakes the morn
Shall raise our genius, and our song inspire.
The ambitious purple and the glittering tiar
One follows, recompensed perhaps with scorn;
Others, in Mars's liveried steel adorn,
Through various deaths to doubtful name aspire.
Some o'er the tumult of the ocean waves
Point the light bark, on golden treasures bound;
Some yield them to the beck of beauty slaves.
Let us be with the hallowed Muses found,
Or meditate where clear Ilyssus laves,
By turns with platane or the laurel crowned.

Sweet wood, whose loneliness bears true consent
With troubled thoughts like mine; now that the hours
Are few and dismal, and the north-wind pours
His icy bolts down heaven's dark battlement;
That age thy green and spreading boughs hath bent,
And on thy locks like mine are winter showers;
Now that, in room of white and vermeil flowers,
Are all thy sunny slopes with hail besprent;
I ponder, by the short and glimmering light,
What soon myself shall be; for I too feel
My veins to stagnate, and my limbs grow numb.
But more than thee, and inly, I congeal;
My winter with a keener blast will come,
And days more dim and cold, and longer night.

QUAL uom che, intento a cercar gemme ed oro,
Apre a l'antica madre il petto e'l seno,
E d'ingorda speranza acceso e pieno
D'or in or di trovar crede il tesoro;
Ma quanto più profonda il suo lavoro,
Tanto men ricco ognor scopre il terreno;
Onde al fin il suo error conosce a pieno,
E indarno cerca a' suoi danni ristoro:
Tal è colui che da te lungi tenta
D'aver, Sommo Signor, salute e vita,
Od'altro ben che appagar possa il core;
S'affligge, e più infelice ognor diventa,
Perchè non può quetar cosa finita
L'alma, capace de l'eterno amore.

GABRIEL FIAMMA.

NON fuggir, vago augello, affrena il volo,
Ch'io non tendo a' tuoi danni o visco o rete;
Che, s'a me libertà cerco e quiete,
Por te non deggio in servitute e'n duolo.
Ben io fuggo a ragion nemico stuolo
Di grave cure in queste ombre secrete,
Ove sol per goder sicure e liete
Poch'ore teco, a la città m'involo.
Quì più sereno è'l ciel, più l'aria pura,
Più dolci l'acque, e più cortese e bella
L'alte ricchezze sue scopre natura.
O mente umana al propio ben rubella!
Vede tanta sua pace, e non la cura;
E stima porto ov'ha flutto e procella.

CELIO MAGNO.

As one who speeds, intent on gems or gold,
Earth's matron lap and bosom to explore,
And, fed with promise of imagined ore,
Each moment seems the glittering prize to hold;
But, searching deeper in the stubborn mould,
Less fruitful daily finds it than before;
Taught thus at length to mourn, though not restore,
Pains ill employed, and hours in folly told:
Such is the man, O sovereign Lord, who far
From Thee, in quest of health or safety flies,
Or other good whereon to stay the mind;
Grief wastes him ever, and intestine war;
Since nothing finite ever can suffice
The Spirit, for eternal love designed.

Fly not, fond bird; thy sudden fears are vain;
By me no toil or limed twig is drest;
Ill were it suiting one, who comes for rest
And freedom, to appoint thee prison and pain.
I from the city and her madding train
Fly to the secret shades, a harmless guest;
Here to enjoy some undisturbed and blest
Moments of peace, in thy secluded reign.
Balmy the breezes here, serene the sky,
And sweetest waters are; here, nature kind
With unexhausted treasure fills the eye.
O man, to his advantage ever blind!
Who sees a resting place, yet passes by;
And calls it port, where all is wave and wind!

Questa vita mortal, che'n una o'n due
Brevi e notturne ore trapassa, oscura
E fredda, involto avea fin quì la pura
Parte di me ne l'atre nubi sue.
Or a mirar le grazie tante tue
Prendo; che frutti e fior', gelo ed arsura,
E sì dolce del ciel legge e misura,
Eterno Dio, tuo magisterio fue:
Anzi'l dolce aer puro, e questa luce
Chiara, ch'el mondo a gli occhi nostri scopre,
Traesti Tu d'abissi oscuri e misti:
E tutto quel che'n terra o'n ciel riluce
Di tenebre era chiuso, e Tu l'apristi;
E'l giorno e'l sol de le tue man' son opre.

Della Casa.

Quanto più m'avvicino al giorno estremo,
Che l'umana miseria suol far breve,
Più veggio'l tempo andar veloce, e leve,
E'l mio di lui sperar fallace, e scemo.
I'dico a'miei pensier, Non molto andremo
D'amor parlando omai; che'l duro e greve
Terreno incarco, come fresca neve,
Si va struggendo; onde noi pace avremo:
Perchè con lui cadrà quella speranza
Che ne fè vaneggiar sì lungamente;
E'l riso, e'l pianto, e la paura, e l'ira.
Sì vedrem chiaro poi, come sovente
Per le cose dubbiose altri s'avanza;
E come spesso indarno si sospira.

Petrarca.

This mortal life, whose hours are few and fast
Wearing away, like the cold night obscure,
Involved my sense till now, and what was pure
In me thick clouds and darkness overcast.
To know Thy varied goodness, Lord, at last
I learn; who of these fruits and flowers, and sure
Return of seasons, and each temperature
Genial or cool, the bounteous Maker wast.
Also the pleasant air, and this divine
Beam, which delivers all things to our sight,
Sprung from the black abyss at Thy command:
And these apparent worlds, Thy fair design,
Till Thou didst open them, were sealed in night;
And sun and day proceeded from Thy hand.

As drawing to that final hour which best
Proclaims the short date of our human woe,
Faster I find time's silent foot to go,
His promise liker to an empty jest.
Not long, methinks, by theme of love possest
My pen or tongue shall be; now that I know
How soon this earthy load, like falling snow,
Dissolves away, and we shall be at rest:
For with it also shall that hope expire,
Which many times conducted far astray;
And with it laughter, and sighs, and anger, and fear.
Then shall be clearly seen, how often they
Fallen on adversity are lifted higher;
How much in vain sometimes we drop the tear.

SOGNI e favole io fingo, e pure in carte
Mentre favole e sogni orno e disegno,
In lor, folle ch'io son! prendo tal parte
Che del mal ch'inventai piango, e mi sdegno.
Ma forse, allor che non m'inganna l'Arte,
Più saggio io sono? è l'agitato ingegno
Forse allor più tranquillo? o forse parte
Da più salda cagion l'amor, lo sdegno?
Ah, che non sol quelle ch'io canto e scrivo
Favole son; ma quanto temo o spero
Tutto è mensogna: e delirando io vivo.
Sogno della mia vita è il corso intero.
Deh tu, Signor, quando a destarmi arrivo,
Fa ch'io trovi riposo in sen del vero.

METASTASIO.

FABLES and Dreams I write, and long am bent
How most the dreams and fables to adorn;
Till, touched by sorrows which myself invent,
Fool that I am, I pity or I scorn.
But, when the hours of pleasing toil are spent,
Perhaps I wiser am? no longer torn
By passion then? or then at least give vent
With juster cause, perhaps, to pity and scorn?
Ah! not alone the story and the scene
An empty vision prove. My hopes and fears
Are false alike, and madness all the past.
One dream the current of my life has been.
O Lord, vouchsafe me, when the morn appears,
To rest on bosom of the truth at last.

Printed by Walker and Greig,
Edinburgh.